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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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HOME FROM THE WARS.

PUCK



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PUCK
No. 1692. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1909
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

PUCK prints on its centre pages this week a cartoon with reference to Child Labor. It prints it now for two reasons: First, because there are 1,700,000 workers of tender age employed in the industries of the States where juvenile labor is still permitted. Second, because at Washington lately there has been a great deal of talk about the Protective Principle. Most of the industries which employ children in large numbers are protected industries. The glass-factories, the cotton-mills, the coal-mines—all profit hugely by the Protective Principle. They are run on business principles as well, however, so of course it is not to be expected of them that they hire men at men's wages to do work which boys and girls can do quite as well and for a good deal less pay. In consideration of the annual rake-off which the Tariff gives to them, they could very well afford to hire men, or at least boys not younger than eighteen, but only the most absurd of impractical people would propose that they do so—no industry pays two dollars for what it can hire done for fifty cents. Some of the children might themselves object if they were not allowed to work when they had reached the advanced age of eleven, as the alternative not unfrequently is an empty stomach and an uncertain sleeping-place. There is something in that, to be sure. But in the face of all we hear about the Protective Principle in its application to the prosperity of the American workingman, it seems a little odd that it has not enough substantial material meaning to enable this well-beloved citizen—well-beloved in campaign speeches—to send his babies from the cradle to the public school, rather than to the mill or to the mine. When we think of these and similar things, the term Protective Principle sounds singularly cynical and somewhat un-American, despite its well-known beneficent qualities.

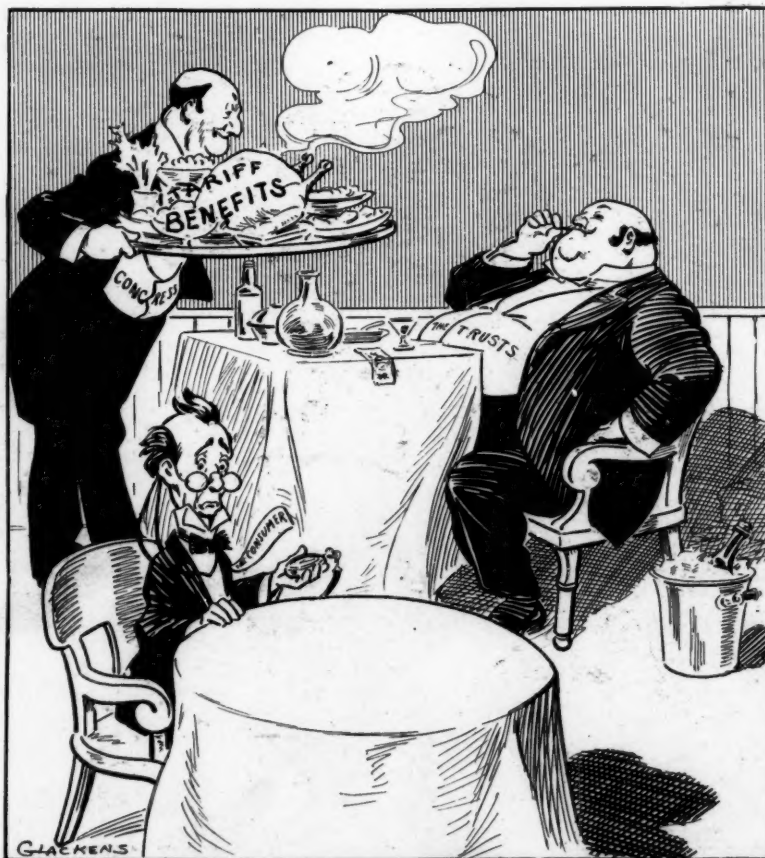
MOUNTED constables under orders started to evict the families of strikers from the company's houses. A mob of one thousand, many of them women bearing torches, gathered in front of their homes. Many of the torches were lighted, and the women announced that the first move to dispossess any family would result in the town being set on fire. The houses are cheap wooden affairs.—*The Sun*.

This was an incident of the steel strike in Pittsburg—Pittsburg that illustrates so vividly the practical workings of our tariff system. Protection, which as everybody knows is designed primarily for labor's benefit, gives to the American workingman his full dinner-pail, his growing bank-account, and his cosy little cottage where a happy wife and robust youngsters meet him at evening on his return from the mill. How often have we seen him—in those delightfully ingenuous, standpat cartoons! Somehow, the grim picture of a crowd of desperate, despairing women, wives and mothers, threatening to fire with torches their ramshackle homes if the orders to dispossess them are carried out, fails to groove very well with the full stomach, peace, plenty, and prosperity idea. And in Pittsburg, too—the most highly-protected city in our highly-protected country, where there would be, one would think, almost enough of the commodity to go 'round!

SINCE cannibalism has been declared healthful by an English scientist it looks as though we might be able to dispose of the unemployed to some advantage.

WHEN IT comes to "one-man power," which brand do you prefer: The sort represented by Nelson W. Aldrich or that typified by Theodore Roosevelt?

ONE of Mr. Rockefeller's pastors has been making some radical statements. We are glad to note, however, that the radicalism was confined strictly to religious matters.



THE MAN WHO DOESN'T TIP.



FLETCHERISM.

THE DISCIPLE.—Now, waiter, you may bring me the fish.



AUGUST IN TOWN.

AUGUST in town: A dreary time
Most fellows call it; dull and slow,
But I indite this little rhyme
To say I do not find it so.
A Benedict-to-be must mend
His idle ways and henceforth
frown
At pleasure's call; so I will spend
August in town.

August in town: A year ago
I wooed her by the summer sea.
Ah, sweet unrest, not quite to know,
And live in love's uncertainty.
But now there is a goal in sight,
Something that's definite to crown
What once I deemed a sorry plight —
August in town.

I wonder if that Bible lad,
Who labored seven years or more
At tasks dictated by Her dad,
Found August days in town a bore?
Methinks he dug away with vim;
Dog-days can't cast a lover down;
It was a *privilege* to him —
August in town.

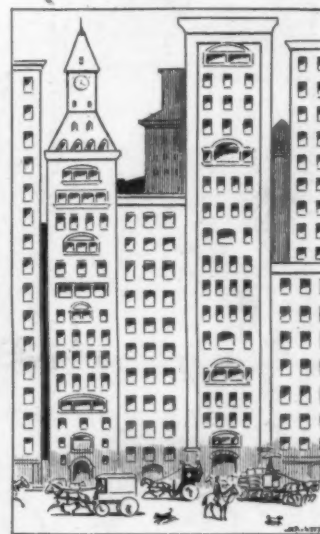
August in town: The city's strife
Has come to mean new things to me;
An Open Sesame to life,
Promise of things that are to be.
Ere I may claim her for my arms
I needs must win a fair renown
'Midst noisy streets and vast alarms —
August in town.

Arthur D. Pratt.

HAPPINESS.

THREE KINDS of people stand out prominently in this connection:

1. Those who nurse their grievances, and are never happy.
2. Those who don't know a grievance when they see it, and are always happy.
3. Those who have no grievances, and are happy only in the estimation of their neighbors.



SKYSCRAPERS THEN AND NOW.

FIRST THEY WERE ANIMALS; NOW THEY ARE BUILDINGS.

FASHION is that more or less mysterious bourne in which it is so comfortable to be, especially if you are a woman and can be among the first.

When a man tells a girl she looks lovely in a hired bathing-dress it is merely another proof that love is blind.

LOCAL COLOR.

THE broken gray of the low-hung sky,
The gray-green ocean's ceaseless moan—
A gray world spells "Monotony,"
As I walk the beach alone.

A summer gown's quick glint of snow,
A signal from a dainty glove,—
And gray sands blush a rosy glow,
As I haste to meet my love!

Warwick James Price.

THE FATES AG'IN HER.

SHE leaned across the aisle and said in an ingratiating tone:
"Real pleasant day, ain't it?"
"Quite pleasant," I replied.
She was on the shady side of sixty, and her upper plate of false teeth had an unpleasant way of dropping to the lower plate with a click now and then. When this happened she was able, by a peculiar muscular contraction and a rapid chewing, to hoist the fallen teeth up to where they belonged without putting her hand to her mouth. Her reddish-white false-front contrasted oddly with her iron-gray hair, and there were black-lace mitts of the vintage of 1865 on her bony hands.

"A car ride don't seem so fur when you got some one to talk to," she said. "Lookin' out car winders ain't very interestin'—the minnit you git interested in somethin' it ain't there. I ain't no trav'ler nohow. I usually git sick 'fore I 've rode twenty-five mile, an' I don't know why I ain't got sick yit to-day. I ain't none too rugged nohow. Stummick trouble an' liver out o' kilter. The fates have been ruther ag'in me in a good many ways all my life, an' I tell you there's no use buckin' ag'in fate. I got along well as most until I begun gittin' married, an' then—well, I got reason to say with the Prophet that marriage is a lot'ry. I was married first time when I was only sixteen, an' he did n't live but three weeks, so it ain't wuth speakin' of. He got into a fight with a cattymount—well, the cattymount got the best of it. I did n't marry ag'in for 'most a year, an' then I tuk pity on a widderer with three children an' married him—to my sorrer. He jess natchelly walked off one day and never come back. Never writ nor nothin'. Jess stayed gone. It makes it awk'ard to



HARROWING POSSIBILITY.

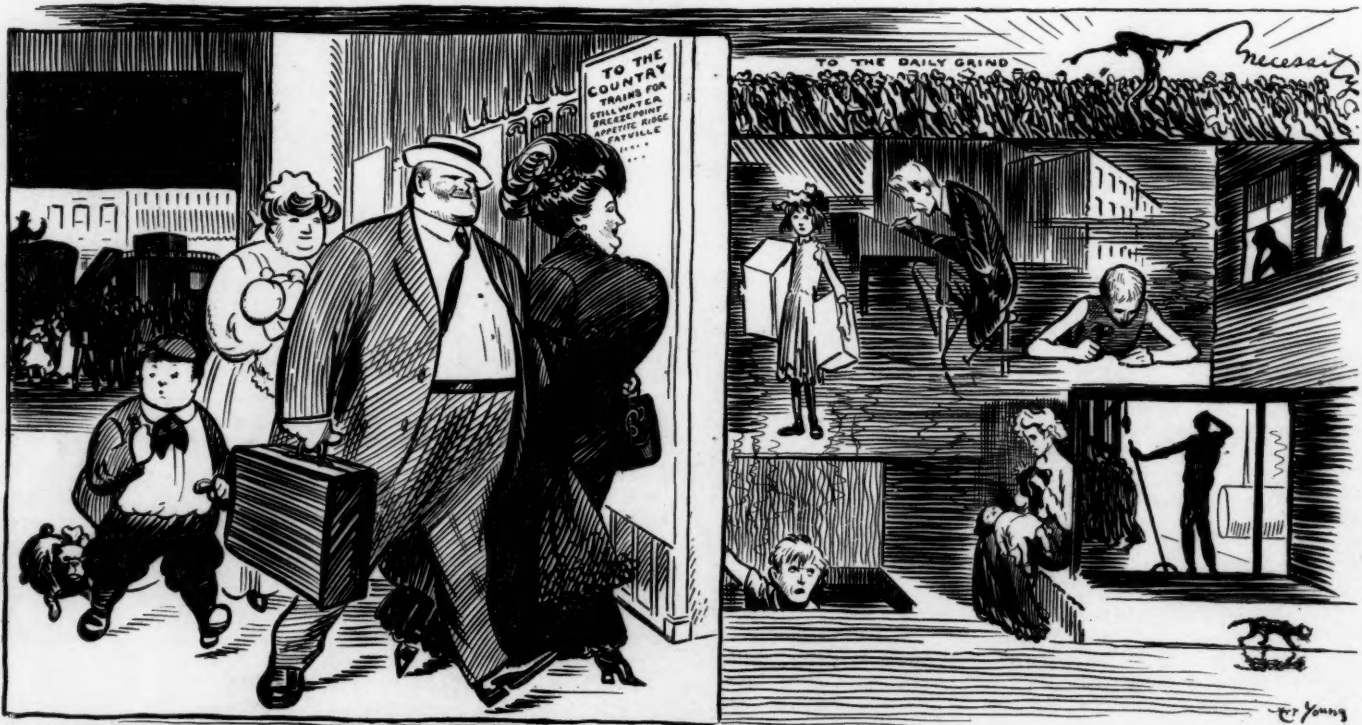
DISAPPOINTED CHORUS.—What! No Hell!

have a husband an' not be able to lay a finger on him, nor know if you are a widder or not. I read of a man that fitted his description gittin' killed by the cars nine miles from where I lived, an' I thought I'd go an' see if I could identify him; but then, thinks I, what's the good o' spendin' all that car-fare on an uncertainty? So I saved my money an' used it toward gittin' my divorcement. Did n't that show better judgment?"

"Perhaps it did."

"Then I married the country lawyer that got the divorcement for me, an' six months later I found the fates'd hit me hard ag'in, for it come out that I

UNTO THEM THAT HATH.



PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO GO TO THE COUNTRY FOR THEIR HEALTH.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO REMAIN IN TOWN.



A WAYSIDE VISION.

THE MAN'S CAR HAS BEEN BROKEN DOWN FOR SOME TIME. WHAT DOES THE MAN SEE IN HIS MIND'S EYE? HOLD TO THE LIGHT.



was his third wife an' the other two was livin', an' he'd never had a divorcement from neither of 'em. Nice trick to play on me, wa'n't it? Well, I had the priv'lege of seein' him put behind the bars, an' I made up my mind I'd go it alone the rest o' my days. But you let a widder make that decision, an' brag of it, an'

you'll see her married in six months. It was that way with me. I met a man who was about to open a boardin'-house in a minin' camp, an' he wanted a wife, but I found out later that he wanted a cook wuss nor a wife, an' thought it cheaper to marry one than to hire one. Of course that discovery sort o' put an end to my love's young dream, as the sayin' is. We did n't hit it off very well, an' when he run away with a grass-widder who had sold her share in a mine for three hundred dollars I did n't put on no mournin'. I come to the conclusion that I wa'n't the only woman that was up ag'in fate, for of course all he was after was her money. Turrible graspin' man he was. They say that money is the root of all evil, an' there's a good deal in it, don't you think?"

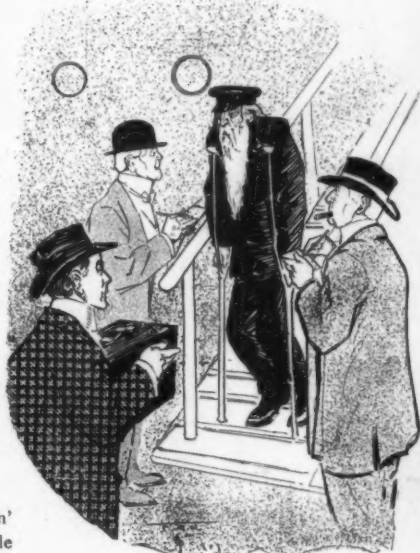
"I think so."

"It looked that way to me when I found that my next husband had married me for nothin' but five hundred dollars I'd inherited from an uncle o' mine. It was fate cuttin' up another caper with me. I did n't weep none over it, but I packed up an' left, an' I did n't invest in no crape when he got mixed up in a s'loon fight an' I was

saved the cost of a divorcement. Then I answered a couple o' mattermonial advertisements jess for the fun o' the thing, an' next I knowed I was married to a man who had come all the way from Missouri to Illinois to marry me. Said he had a good home an' other prop'ty. Wisht you could of seen the home when we got to it! A log-cabin with a lean-to o' slabs an' a little pine table an' a couple o' cheers made out o' bar'ls an' a slab bedstid for furnishin's. More shabby actin' on the part o' fate. Now, ain't I had more'n my sheer o' bad treatment by fate?"

"It looks that way."

"Don't it now? Well, I got a divorcement all right, an' now—well, when a woman's been through the mattermonial mill as many times as I have she ain't no pertickler delicacy in ownin' up when she's goin' to try it ag'in. If all goes well I'll be a bloomin' bride ag'in this time to-morrer. Goin' up the road for a few miles to meet him. He's a section-hand on this road. Says he makes his nine dollars a week an' has a little house an' five acres o' ground an' a good cow an' a hoss, an' more'n fifty layin' hens. That's a layout wuth lookin' after. If ev'rythin' is fav'rable as he says it is I reckon I'll make the plunge once more, an' if fate goes back on me ag'in I vum she'll never have a chance no more. But I'm gittin' on to an age when a woman wants a home of her own an' to settle down fer life. So I—this is my station. Good-bye! I've an idee that—good-bye."



NEVER SAY DIE.

W. L. R. W. LLM-N (after his thirty-fifth attempt to reach the Pole).—We'd have made it sure this time, boys, if a swarm of Arctic mosquitoes had n't punctured the balloon with their beaks.

an' to settle down fer life. So I—this is my station. Good-bye! I've an idee that—good-bye."

M. M. M.

THE more womanly a woman is, the less logical she is apt to be, for the reason, no doubt, that the more womanly she is, the less she is compelled to fall back on so poor a reliance as logic.



SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

VISITOR.—Who is that crazy man yelling and struggling so?

HOSPITAL ATTENDANT.—He isn't crazy. That's Dr. Sabre, the celebrated surgeon. They brought him here yesterday, and the doctors have just ordered an operation.

It would hardly be worth a man's while to do right, if it weren't so much easier to do wrong.

PUCK

THE FOG PLUGS.

"Now, a good many mighty queer things I've seed, in the years what I've sailed the sea,"

Began Capt. Bill of the *Nancy Strong*, who spun this yarn to me.

"As a Bucko mate, when a-loadin' freight (keep these 'ere words in mind),

If ever a swag was on his job, that lubber was me, you'll find.



"It was after the panic of 'ninety-two, when this yere come to me, Which sure was the mightiest, queerest thing what ever appeared at sea

'T was for Port Limon we'd cleared Noo York, with the wind so'-west-by-west, An' we dipped each rail in a bloomin' gale what was howlin' her level best.

"Now, the *Nancy Strong* were a good ole tub, but her seams was torn an' raw, An' the way the water was pourin' in was orful at every yaw.

Then fog comes on what was thick as mud an' drippin' to beat the band; That we cussed t' at fog some proper-like you can easily understand.

"So I says to the mate: 'Now, Sam,' says I, 'take a basket of fog an' go Where the leaks is worst an' plug 'em up from bow to the stern below.' 'Aye, aye, sir,' Sam says, quiet-like, with never a questionin' squint, 'I'll plug them seams as good an' tight as if they was plugged with lint.'

"Well, we stopped the leaks, an' we made the port, an' them fog plugs done so well

That I give my word 't was the best I'd heard, for the *Strong* was tight as a bell! Well, I've sailed around this bloomin' ball from 'Frisco to ole Japan — If yer wanta hear some truthful tales you'll see as I'm yer man."

Kent Packard.

BUY A 40-H. P. SKOOTER, IF YOU
WANT A CAR THAT WON'T BREAK
DOWN, THAT WILL CLIMB HILLS
EASILY, AND WILL GO A MILE A
MINUTE ON LEVEL ROADS.

HOME REMEDIES.

"HAVE YOU been taking anything for this trouble?" asked the Doctor, when Adnah Beane sent for him because Adnah was, in his own vernacular, "knocked out."

"No — at least nothin' wuth mentionin'," said Adnah. "I begun to feel ruther out o' sorts Monday, so I tuk a few doses o' quinine an' some pills that wuz left over when my mother-in-law died here last winter. I wa'n't no better Tuesday, so I took a few doses of yaller dock an' tansy an' rhue my wife b'iled up for me; but it did n't seem to help none, so I tuk some castor-ile an' a few doses o' somethin' one o' the neighbors sent over, but it did n't seem to faze me, so I tuk some painkiller, an' tried if a poultice o' onions an' red pepper would do any good. It did n't, and my wife tried a mustard-plaster on my chist an' I tuk a few doses o' some med'cine we bought last fall of a pedler; but it seemed to make me wuss, if anything, so when some red-hot lem'nade an' a good sweat did n't help me none I thought I'd better send for you an' reely take something beside these little home remedies that will work all right sometimes, but they ain't done me no good. I don't know just what is the matter of me, but it seems to me it's cholery infantum. I had a 'tack o' that last spring, an' I feel as if this was another.

M. W.



AN OLD WATER WAY.



SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE ILLUSTRATED LITERALLY.

"The girls here are all right, but the men are simply impossible."

COMMENDABLE ANXIETY.

S "Yo' gwine on dis train, sah?" condescendingly inquired the spick and trim porter, addressing a ramshackle-looking colored citizen who was loitering undecidedly near the steps of a passenger car.

"Well-uh, I has sich a contention in muh mind, 'bleeged to yo', sah," was the reply. "But dat ain't prezizely what I wants to 'terrygate yo' 'bout. Now, all dis yuh fuss an' fury 'bout de Tariff——"

"Aw, con-sound de Tariff! Is yo'——"

"Dat's it! Dat's what I says muh-se'f! I heahs one white man declah dat de Tariff am a needcessity an' a blessin'—we kain't live, sca'cely, widout it in de house—an' I heahs a-nudder white man shout dat it's a crime an' a 'nickerty dat is takin' de little child'en right out'n our moufs, an' all sich as dat; twell a po', ignunt nigger like me kain't make head nor tail out'n de matter. But I 'specs a good-lookin' yallah man like yo'se'f, wid a fine-fittin' unicorn like dat 'n', probably knows what's what. An' I dess like to ax yo'——"

"Come, come, sah! I hasn't got time to 'splain nuthin'——"

"Dat's de way it goes! Dem dat knows 'bout de Tariff isn't got time to 'splain it, while dem dat doesn't know has all de time in de world, 'peahs like. Well-uh——"

"Git aboa'd, sah; git aboa'd, if yo' gwine on dis train!"

"But I don't see no 'casion for hurry, an' I'd sho'ly like to 'spute 'bout de Tariff——"

"Loogy yuh, sah! Does yo' s'pose dis comp'ny runs its trains for de pussonal inconvenience of every triflin' nigger dat wants to 'spute 'bout suppin'? Time untied waits for no man; needer do dis train! Pile on yuh, quick now!"

"But, de Tariff, sah——"

"Done tole yo' con-sound de Tariff! Husle now, or yo' won't git to go on dis train."

"Now, I hates to cont'adict sich-uh prissy

lookin' gen'leman as yo' is, but owin' to de fact dat whilst I aims to travel on dis train I does n't 'spec' to make muh sojourn twell some time next fall. Mebby yo' better tell de cap'n to whip up widout waitin' for me. But I'd sho' like to 'scuss de Tariff wid a smahf man, like yo' is, sah. Well-uh, good-by, 'Cahnel, if yo' calls dat gone!"

Tom P. Morgan.

USED BY OUR BEST.

"FORGET IT—cast it away."—Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*.

"She was a respectable old guy."—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

"It's a sure thing."—Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*.

"Twenty-three."—Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

"Gave Hector a gift—a gilt nutmeg—a lemon."—Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost*.

"Cut in and win."—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

"Gone to the wall."—Bunyan's *Pilgrim's*

Progress.

"Nothing doing."—Addison's *Letters*.

"Make good."—Deuteronomy, which is a book in the Bible.

MR. BEST SELLER.

It's quite a treat to hear him sniff And criticize that five-foot shelf, Although it would be all right if It held some written by himself.

ONE OPINION.

LITTLE CLARENCE (in the midst of his perusal of a newspaper item).—Pa, what is a "Blue-Grass widow"?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Why, a grass-widow who failed to get alimony, I presume, my son.



THE "NAYS" HAVE IT.

JOVIAL SKIPPER.—All those in favor of the motion say "Aye!"

Don't feel envious when you hear a man speak of his country residence. Perhaps he merely owns one of those portable bungalows.



THE PUCK PRESS.

THE CALLE
DEDICATED TO THE STATES WHERE CHILD L



THE ALLEY.
PLACES WHERE CHILD LABOR IS STILL PERMITTED.



ASKING TOO MUCH.

MISS FLUFF (at the Sagebrush Gulch M. E. Fair).—Of course you and your friend will draw for this?

CACTUS CAL.—Well, Miss, I hate to refuse a lady, but while Bill and me'd just as soon give you a little exhibition of fancy shooting, we're too good pals to pump lead into each other over a dinky little mop-rag like that!



SONG OF THE SKIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in a five-room flat
A-plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In flutter and clutter begirt,
She sings to the husband who is n't rich
The Song of the Home-made Skirt.

"Work! Work! Work!
Till I feel like I could fly.
Work, work, work!
I'm just a fool to try.
If I'd a model to fit it on
It would n't be so bad,
But trying to fit it on oneself's
Enough to drive one mad.

"Work! Work! Work!
Oh, do hand me a pin.
And now I've got it basted up
And seams all taken in,
It's miles too big around the
waist,
The gores are all awry;
I never can sit down in it,—
I wish that I could die!

"Work! Work! Work!
My labor never flags,
And what are its wages? No style at all
And a skirt that always says.
Too short in front, too long behind,
And bunchy 'round the band.
Till the heart is sick and the brain be-
numbed
As well as the weary hand."

Oh, men with wives who sew
Each one his fate deserves
If home's an endless sewing-fest
That gets upon your nerves.
Pay! Pay! Pay!
A few dressmaking bills
If you'd escape from scissors
and tape
And sundry sewing ills.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in a five-room flat
A-plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In flutter and clutter begirt,
She sings to the husband who
is n't rich
The Song of the Home-made Skirt.
Frank Hill Phillips.

UP-TO-DATE ROMANCE.

"AT LAST we are alone!" he murmured, as the airship rose above the city.
"Wait a minute!" she exclaimed. "There's somebody rubbing through that skylight!"

AS FAR as the bathing girls are concerned, even the toper will admit that the "drys" are more attractive than the "wets."

BETTER THAN EVER.

MARY BACKSTOOP.—Did he tell you life with him would be one grand, sweet song?

MAUDIE SIDESTREET.—No; he said it would be one grand, beveled, sweet-toned, silver-coated, indestructible phonograph record.

GOOD MARKET.

"IS YOUR son doing anything during vacation?"

"Yes. He's making money hand-over-fist selling a new-fangled diary."

"I should n't think that there would be much money in that."

"Every woman buys one. It has one page a day for what you do yourself, and ten pages for what your neighbors do."



A SITE FOR SORE EYES.

ENLIGHTENMENT.

MRS. BOGGS.—Henry, did you hear about Mr. Jones? Mrs. Smith was telling me this afternoon how —

MR. BOGGS.—That's just like you women, gossiping about things that don't concern you, and I suppose you have the story all mixed up, anyway. Now, I got the whole thing straight at the cigar-store and the barber-shop, and the facts in the case were like this: It seems that, etc.

A CHANCE TO GET EVEN.

"THERE'S one consoling feature about all this," chuckled the broad-shouldered individual who had just been turned away from the pearly gate. "Now I'll have a chance to meet those sons-of-guns who invented cigar-bands, barbed-wire fences, and wooden pillow-sham holders."



PREDIGESTED.

"That's right, Hepsy! Stick in another of 'em. We'll give 'em boarders all the patent breakfast-food they kin eat, long as these old brooms hold out!"

PUCK

PLATITUDES.



PLATITUDE, according to that veracious chronicle of interrupted short stories called the Dictionary, is "a dull, trite, flat, commonplace, insipid thought." This explains its popularity in certain quarters and its prevalence and endurance.

The origin of the platitude is lost in unknown antiquity. As far as it is possible to discover, Adam was the first platitudinarian, and the first platitude was: "It was the woman!" This platitude has continued to be very popular ever since his day, and is very much in vogue with embezzlers and in courts. It is very dear to the masculine heart and always will be, and it has the merit of possessing much truth.

Women, however, refuse to regard it as a platitude; they call it by the shorter word, "lie."

As examples of platitudes the Ten Commandments rank very high. Like other platitudes, if they were followed universally or within approachable distance of the universal, as often as they are expressed, the millennium would have a chance of being reached before our generation expires.

Platitudes are very dear to the shallow mind. They lend an appearance of erudition and holiness which is quite imposing to the majority, and very distressing to people who think and other sinners. They are much favored by Clergymen, Reformers, Muck-Rakers, and a certain class of self-satisfied Editors. These people will take, for example, that hoary old platitude to the effect that "Virtue is its own reward," (about, as a rule, the only reward it gets,) and put new clothing on it thusly: "The inner

satisfaction of the soul and conscience which comes from a knowledge that one has performed duty for itself, and observed the highest ethics regardless of personal results, is a compensation that cannot be equaled or approached by any worldly favor." Having written this in entire ignorance that all they have said is "Virtue is its own reward," they read it over and consider themselves Philosophers. It does not take a Philosopher to "get off" a platitude, although fools do not indulge in the egotistic pastime.

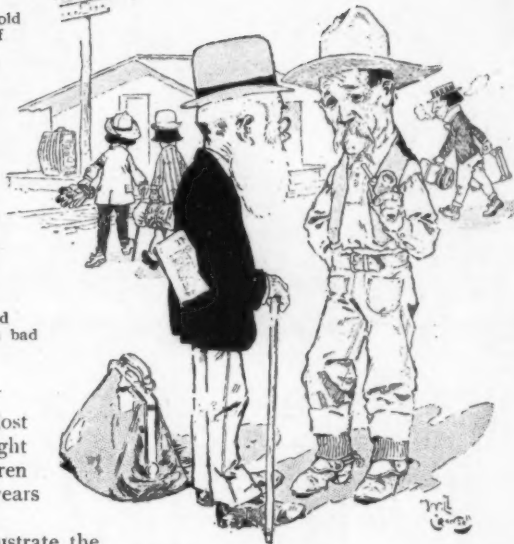
Followers of the New Thought also much favor platitudes. They keep a large stock of them always on ice, as may be seen by reading their magazines. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has them all by rote, but Mr. Hearst's newspapers do not seem to take them to heart. Possibly, however, their readers may be improved.

The most disagreeable of all platitudes is: "Come 'around next week and I will pay you." Perhaps it is equaled by: "Sorry, but I've just loaned my last ten." Strictly, though, these are not platitudes, because they fail in truism.

THE MODERN SAVAGE.

TOURIST.—So they buried the old chief according to the customs of his tribe?

NATIVE.—Yep. Three whole days of it. His college class had charge of the ceremonies. They had a football game with the Choctaws Wednesday, a Marathon race Thursday, and on Friday released seventeen assorted press dispatches of uprisings, including rumor, confirmation, and denial, and paid the funeral expenses by selling the magazines photographs of the Snake Dance, and as soon as the moving-picture concern gets the film of the funeral in shape the widow will draw a hundred dollars a month royalty. Not a bad send-off for the old man, eh?



Old people who have lost the power to be bad delight in platitudes, but children under the age of thirty years do not cry for them.

Platitudes excellently illustrate the platitude "Do what I preach, not what I

practice." And they are so very easy and moral-sounding to express that one is led to wonder they are not indulged in to an even greater extent than they are—which is saying a tremendous lot. But still they are not without use—nothing, we are told, is. But for them and for the weather very many people would be at a loss for conversation.

Henry W. Francis.

PARADOXICAL.

THE silly mortal who pretends To know it all gets termed a fake; The less advice you give your friends The more of it, you find, they take.

MONOPOLY'S JIGSAW.

...I don't just recall...Not to my recollection...That was before my connection with the company...I forget...That has slipped my memory...This is somewhat hazy....No, I won't say that...My counsel took care of that...I don't remember...I am no



FROM MOTHER TO MAT.

BIG-GAME HUNTER.—Won't she make a dandy rug for my den!

longer connected with the company.... The books will show... You really must excuse me... That happened a long time ago... I can't remember... My associates handled that matter... The man is no longer working for the company... We keep no record....



BUT HOW ABOUT THIS DEN?

One result of struggling to reach the top is that you are liable to be laid on the shelf.

TIPPED THE TIPPER.

"Why did you tip that boy so handsomely for handing you your coat?"

"Did you see the coat he gave me?"—*Tutler.*

CHANGES OF COUNTENANCE.

"She is two-faced!" exclaimed the irate woman.

"Oh, well," answered Miss Cayenne, "most of us have one face for family breakfasts and another for evening parties."—*Washington Star.*

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TIME ENOUGH.

PATIENCE.—You remember that Mrs. Brown?

PATRICE.—You mean the one who stuttered so badly?

"Yes; well, she's out shouting 'Votes for women!'"

"Oh, well, she'll get the franchise just as soon as the others, even if she is slow asking for it!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*



A CONSERVATIVE REPLY.

CHOLLY.—Is there any law against my standing here, officer?

GUARDIAN OF THE PEACE.—Sure, there may be, an' there may be not. They're after addin' new laws to the statoot books all the time.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

CIGARS, TOO.

BACON.—This paper says that as Elwood Scott, a gigantic admirer of Miss Lola Wescott, of Pongateague, Va., was taking a good-night hug, he broke one of her ribs. He also shattered the crystal of his watch at the same time.

EGBERT.—Does n't say whether Elwood busted any of his cigars or not, does it?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A STRONG GUARANTEE.

"Are you sure those eggs are fresh?" asked the woman, eyeing them suspiciously.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer with emphasis; "I guarantee those eggs. If any of them aren't good, I'll make 'em good!"—*Lippincott's.*

WHY HE REPENTED.

TEDDY.—I wish I hadn't fought Jimmy Brown this morning.

MAMMA.—You see now how wrong it was, don't you, dear.

TEDDY.—Yes, 'cause I did n't know till this afternoon that he was going to give a party!—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE WRONG TICKET.

CONDUCTOR (on railroad train).—This is n't the right ticket, sir.

ABSENT-MINDED PASSENGER.—What's the matter with it?

CONDUCTOR.—This ticket calls for a diamond ring!—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

"No one who smokes could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample, which will conclude.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street New York.

ONE CASUALTY.

"Was everybody rescued from the burning building?"

"Everybody but the night-watchman. We couldn't wake him up."—*Cleveland Leader.*

VERNACULAR.

KNICKER.—Tumbo means stomach.

BOCKER.—Well, I can't tumbo Tumbo. —*The Sun.*

THE STRANGER.—Do the people who live across the road from you, Rastus, keep chickens?

RASTUS.—Dey keeps some of 'em, sah. —*Christian Advocate.*

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort-discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Always use it to Break in New shoes. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists. By mail for 25c. In stamps. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A PATHETIC CASE.

"Well, my girlish days are over. I am now an old maid."

"Is there a dividing line?"

"There is. An ugly girl has just invited me to visit her at the seashore this Summer."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

KREMENTZ

COLLAR BUTTONS
For every special need of the particular man.

Shirt front, round or lens shaped heads, short shank.



Shirt collar front, lens or round heads, long shank.



Back of neck, extended head to hold scarf, or dome shaped head, medium shank.



Sleeves with detached cuffs, dome shaped, long shank.



Sleeves above attached cuffs, large head, short shank. Also ladies' shirt waists, negligee shirts, etc.



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STILL A FOOL.

PATIENCE.—She says she married him to reform him.
PATRICE.—And he says he was a fool when he married her.
"Well, she says she hasn't reformed him a bit."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

LITTLE WILLIE KNEW.

Little Willie, the son of a Germantown woman, was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:
"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so! Aren't you going in?"
"Not yet," responded Willie imperturbably.
"Won't she whip you?"
"Naw!" exclaimed Willie in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So, when I go in, she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"—*Lippincott's.*

A CURIOUS MISTAKE.

A married couple stood looking into a shop window. A handsome tailor-made dress took the lady's fancy, and she left her husband's side to examine it more closely. Then she went back to where he had been standing and took his arm.
"You never look at anything I want to look at!" she exclaimed. "You don't care how I dress! You don't care for me now! Why, you haven't kissed me for three weeks!"
"Indeed, I am sorry. It is not my fault, but my misfortune!" said the man.
Turning round she looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man.—*Boston Times.*

A MINT JULEP OF HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

IS A DRAUGHT OF COOL REFRESHMENT
THE DAINTIEST SIP THAT PASSES LIP

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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MAN'S INCONSISTENCY.

Two men whose offices were on the second floor were on the first floor waiting for an elevator. Long and impatiently they waited.
"You're not looking extra well, Landsel," remarked the lawyer.
"No, Rangle," replied the real-estate man. "Think I'll join an athletic club. I need the exercise!"
"Me, too!"
Still they waited for the elevator.—*Kansas City Times.*

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Fine at meal time
—all times.

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Write the VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., mentioning this paper, for their
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ULTIMATUMS.

THE UMPIRE.—That decision goes or I do, see?
INTERESTED PARTY.—Nix! If dat decision goes, you stay right
here till we gets t'rough wit' yer, see!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your
getting the very best.

THREE hundred singing canaries are to make the services of a church in Cincinnati attractive. A trained parrot in the pulpit would complete the show.
—*Evening Sun.*

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The man with the wiry beard appreciates Williams' Shaving Stick. It's the one kind that enables him to shave daily with comfort.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

GAMENESS OF TOMMY.

YOUNG LADY (to Tommy, who had announced that he is engaged to a lady aged 12). — Why, I thought you always promised to marry me!

TOMMY.—Yes, yes. I know I did. I blame myself entirely.—*Punch*.

WHERE IT GOES.

"That man made an immense fortune out of a simple little invention."

"Indeed! What did he invent?"

"Invent? Nothing, you dub! He was the promoter!" — *Cleveland Leader*.

A Bottled Delight Club Cocktails

Ever wanted a cocktail, and found that gin, vermouth or whiskey had run out? This never happens with CLUB COCKTAILS in the house.

Keep a bottle on hand and have the best cocktail in the world always ready for serving.

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Hartford New York London



A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE

HIGH LIFE BEER MILLER-MILWAUKEE



HE DID N'T.

"Did your new chauffeur turn out all right?"

"No; that's why he's in the hospital."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

CORRESPONDENCE FORMS.

"That boy of mine has written for money again."

"Going to send it?"

"I judge I might as well. He has a thorough follow-up system." — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

IMPROVING FIGURES.

PATIENCE.—They say that man has the reputation of juggling with figures.

PATRICE.—Is he a bookkeeper?

"No; he's a ladies' tailor!" — *Yonkers Statesman*.



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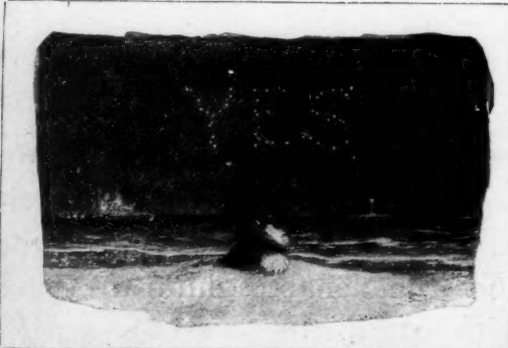


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"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and — er — decidedly disgorgeous." — *Everybody's*.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 225 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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THE IDIOT.

IRATE PARENT.—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Lord Bilaris?

FAIR DAUGHTER (very sweetly).—Only you, papa! — *Illustrated Bits*.

THE BEST

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY

TESS.—I thought you said you were going to get some pajamas?

BESS.—I was, but I could n't find any I liked.

TESS.—What was the matter?

BESS.—I could n't get them over my head. — *Cleveland Leader*.

Pears' Soap

furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in Every Quarter of the Globe



NO DOUBT.

STELLA.—She said that wild horses could n't drag a secret from her.

BELLA.—But a tame auto would?

THE HOSTESS.—What, do you have to leave at this early hour?

THE GUEST.—I'm sorry, but it's necessary.

THE HOSTESS.—And must you take your wife with you?

THE GUEST.—Yes, ma'am—I'm sorry to say I must. — *Cleveland Leader*.

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NOT THAT KIND.

MRS. HARDCASH.—I want you to get me a divorce from my husband, and an allowance of \$1,500 a year.

LAWYER.—How much is his income?

MRS. HARDCASH.—It's about that. I wouldn't ask for more than a man makes. I am not that kind. — *New York Weekly*.

"Now, CHILDREN," commanded the austere instructor in advanced arithmetic, "you will recite in unison the table of values."

Thereupon the pupils repeated in chorus:

"Ten mills make a trust.

"Ten trusts make a combine.

"Ten combines make a merger.

"Ten mergers make a magnate.

"One magnate makes the money." — *Wall Street Journal*.

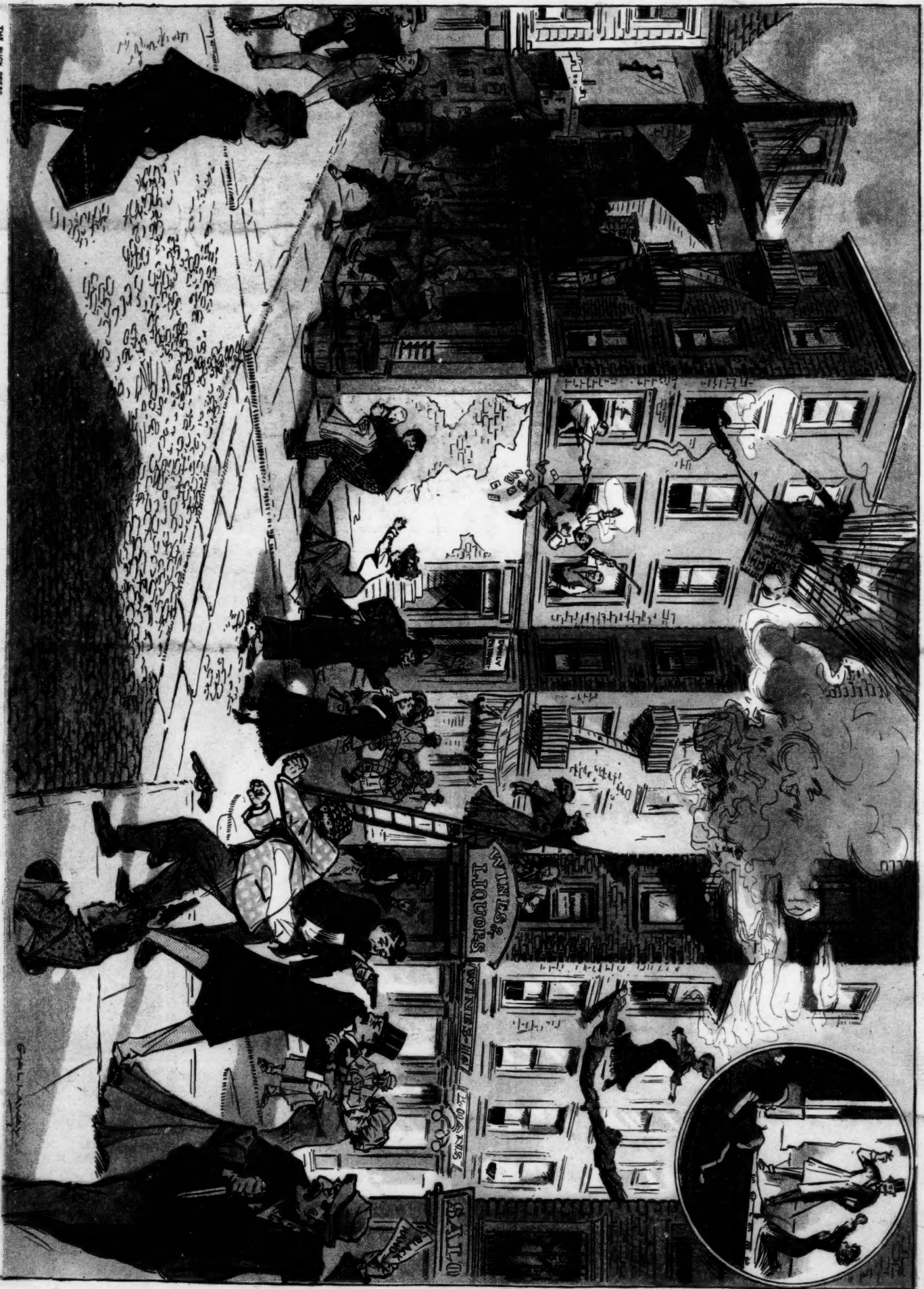
"He has very domestic tastes, has n't he?"

"Oh, very. He flirts with every cook they have." — *Washington Star*.

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CANDIES
IN YOUR GRIP.

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TAKES
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LITTLE
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AND
MAKES YOU
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